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ally sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. IX.—No. 402.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1892.

[ONE PENNY.]



STILL ANOTHER BETROTHAL.

"This week I have to announce a betrothal, before which that of the Duke of Clarence to the Princess May of Teck sinks into insignificance. The bud of love, which has for a long time past laid dormant in Alexandry's bosom, has at last blossomed forth, and the object of his affections is no less a creature than that miserable scarecrow, Evelina. Poor Papa is overwhelmed with joy at what he terms the realization of his fondest hopes, and the ceremony of obtaining his sanction to the engagement formed, I believe, a very touching tableau, and even the Twins seemed to be impressed with the solemnity of the occasion."—TOOTSIE.

THAT DREADFUL FOG!



Employer. What do you mean, sir, by walking in at this time of day? and—er—if you—What's that? Fog upset you so much last night that you feel quite ill? Ridiculous, sir! ridiculous!



Wife of his Boss. Drunk again, you disgusting wretch! drunk again! I'll go home to me, that I will. What's that—you are not drunk? The fog makes your voice husky? Bah!



And there's dear old Blobs! What is he doing in a music hall, hobnobbing with two lasses? Well, Exeter Hall and music halls look very similar, and the fog plays the deuce with some people's eyesight.

A FASHIONABLE HIGHWAYMAN.

"I HAVE been in town for a few days," wrote Horace Walpole, "and heard no conversation but about Maclane, a fashionable highwayman, who robbed me, among others, such as Lord Englington, Sir Thomas Robinson, Mrs. Talbot, etc. I conclude he will suffer, and wish him no ill, and am almost single in not having been to see him. The chief personages who have been to see him are Lady Caroline Petersham and Miss Ashe: I call them Polly and Lucy."

Captain Johnson says of this "hero" of the highway:—"He was carried to Tyburn in a cart like the rest of the criminals, and not as was expected, in a coach. He stood the gaze of the multitude, which on this occasion was almost infinite, without the least concern, and, when he was about to be turned off, he said, 'O God, forgive my enemies, bless my friends and receive my soul!' His execution took place on Wednesday, 3rd October, 1750."

James Maclane's father is described as "an Irish Presbyterian divine," which, "by a slight straining of courtesy, entitled his son to the designation of a gentleman." Anyhow, on the parson's demise, James determined to do no work, disposed of all disposable property, treated the remonstrances of his friends with contempt and "the exhortations of his aunt, who, finding all her entreaties ineffectual, took his only sister under her charge, and left him to pursue what course he pleased."

Left to himself, James bought a horse, and set up for a

fine gentleman, to the end that in one short year he had run through almost all his money. With the few pounds left, he started for Dublin, having conceived the idea that so good looking a fellow as he fancied himself to be ought easily to marry an heiress. In keeping up appearances, he soon squandered away the rest of his cash, and then his credit and clothes, "even to his shirt," which, being gone, he sold his sword, the last piece of splendour remaining, and raised as much as would "bear his charges on foot, and, with a heavy heart, set out to return to Monaghan, his native place."

Not a hand was outstretched to welcome the prodigal home again. His aunt and his other relations shut their doors in his face, and his old pot companions not only refused to lend him a halfpenny or treat him to bite or sup, but did their best to make him the laughing stock of the whole town.

His sister, however, contrived now and again to see him by stealth to give him her pocket money, but that was little enough, and he must certainly have starved had not a gentleman, passing through the place on his way to London, compassionately offered him a situation as his servant. James, who had not recently swallowed much else, swallowed his pride and put on the livery. However, his stomach filled, and although he was treated with great kindness, he soon grew insolent, and, hearing that his sister was about to be married to a wealthy man, threw up his situation, or was kicked out, and returned to Ireland, but here he was doomed to disappointment.

His sister's marriage had been broken off, and she was unable to do anything for him; and his other relations, "scandalized by his having been a footman, treated him with great indignity." His old master, however, came to his rescue and paid his passage back to London, where he earned his living by various discreditable methods, mostly sponging and blackmailing.

At length he married an innkeeper's daughter with a fortune of five hundred pounds. On this he opened a grocer and chandler's shop in Welbeck Street, and for three years—the time his wife lived—he prospered fairly, but, his wife dead, he sold his furniture and goods for "the miserable sum of eighty-five pounds," and he, "who a few weeks before was not ashamed to appear in a patched coat or carry a halfpennyworth of coal or sand to his customers, now hired handsome apartments near Soho Square, and resumed his laced clothes and a hat and feathers."

"This ought to be a curious history," said Alexandry.
"It is, too, you bet," responded Billiam. "Wait for—"
(Next week, "A Rag of a Robber.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

Thank you, MRS. ARTHUR ALLEN. Any help, however small, will be gratefully accepted. Thanks for letter, EDITH SMALL. Certainly we could. A READER. But it's hardly worth the fuss. Please yourself entirely, JACOB, SLOPER does not care a cuss. Thank you, RONALD, for the verses. Sorry that we're crowded up. You are quite correct, A. SPRINTER, ALLY SLOPER gave a cup. Any time you're passing, BESSIE, don't forget to step upstairs. They're the sort of people, NELLIE, who say anything but prayers. Ordinary precautions, JENNY, are the only things to take. Certainly we will, MISS TAYLOR, Anything for Beauty's sake. There you're wrong, BELLE, altogether, SLOPER never tried a fast. ALLY'S resolutions, BLACKIE, Very, very seldom last.

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JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

"I HAD about twenty young fellows who came behind on Boxing Night to give me flowers and things and tell me how pretty I looked," said Tottie Goodenough. "Ah, dear," said her cousin, a good girl but plain, "you should remember that beauty is only skin deep." "Good heavens, child! how far would you have it go in? I don't care if my liver is as ugly as old Scratch as long as my face is pretty."

"If I were a hen, and couldn't lay an egg better than you can lay that fire," said Mrs. Sloper to the new domestic, "I'm blest if I wouldn't pick the feathers out of my tail and turn 'em into quill pens to forge a new character with. I should like to slap you, that I should! only I'd shake all the clothes off your body, you're so blessed ragged, and I always did have an eye to what was right."

SHE was a simple little maid,
Her eyes were azure, dreamy blue;
I said to her, "I'm so afraid
Lest, darling, you should not be true."

The simple maiden said to me,
In accents sweet, with mild reproof,
"My love, I'll ever cling to thee,
As long as you've the bally oof."

"ARE you sure that you love me, John?" asked a fair girl. "Oh, yes, my darling!" replied her lover. "Why do you ask?" "Why, dear, your letters always seem so cold and business-like." "Oh, that's nothing, my sweet one. You see, in these days, one never knows what is going to happen, and it is just as well to prepare for eventualities, and I don't want to be made to look like a fool when my letters are read in court."

"You look upset, Mr. SLOPER," remarked an acquaintance: "What's the matter?" "Oh, those awful boys of mine," said ALLY: "they made a cockshy of a dozen of wine that I bought for any friends who might turn up on Boxing Day, and they broke every bottle." "Dear me," observed the acquaintance, "that was a severe loss." "I should think it was," said SLOPER: "12s. gone at one fell swoop." "12s.!" You don't mean to tell me that you drink wine at 12s. a dozen!" "What, me!" exclaimed ALLY, scornfully. "Not much! Didn't I tell you it was for my friends?"



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.

No. 492.—The "Venice" Costume.



Disgust of the Eminent on discovering in a hamper, sent to him during the festive season, a teapot, containing a temperance tract and a pound of last year's siftings.



Faustian Cripple. Got anything that'll fit me, guv'nor?
Playful Shopman. I think so, sir. How will these do?



First Fair One. What do you think? Charlie Dimble tried to kiss me a few minutes ago!
Second and Third Fair Ones. Shocking!
First Fair One. But he was interrupted in the midst of the attempt.
Second and Third Fair Ones. How very annoying!



THE BELLE OF THE BALL
A BIT FROM THE "FRIV." PANTO.

PARSON CANTWELL had come up to London for a holiday, and, meeting with an old parishioner, they naturally commenced to talk about friends and neighbours. "And how is old Brown?" presently inquired the London man. "He has gone above," solemnly replied Cantwell. "We shall never see him any more." "Oh, hang it all!" exclaimed the other; "speak for yourself, parson."

"A YEAR has passed—another year has gone to add itself to the past centuries. It's very sad, but all my old friends are dropping fast around me." And McGooseley likewise shook his thinking-pot and murmured, sadly, "Your oldest friend is dropping away even now, ALLY. Your bally hand's that shaky that you've dropped quite half of that twopen'orth into the sawdust. And if 'Unsweptened' ain't your oldest friend—" And at Christmas-time, too," said ALLY, "insulting me, and without as much as the price of another twopen'orth about him to wash the stain out."

WHEN winter's snow is on the ground,
I love to see my Fanny trip,
As others do, sir, I'll be bound—
Oh! rosy cheek—oh! cherry lip.

When winter's snow is on the ground,
I love to see my Fanny slip.
Oh! don't the other blokes look round—
Oh! tearful eye—oh! quiv'ring lip.

When winter's snow is on the ground,
No tear drops from those lashes drip;
I say, "I hope you're safe and sound."
"I am, old Johnnie, take my tip!"

A GOOD woman can forgive everything excepting when there's a new tuft of mistletoe in the hall and she finds her husband underneath it with his arm round the parlour-maid's neck, while at the same time he's giving her five bob to take a note to the new governess. That's the time for the gamp to have a look in, ladies.

"AUNT GLADYS," said little Johnnie, at lunch, "when the clergyman said in church this morning that you and Mr. Walker were to be married for the third time of asking, did he mean that you'd asked him three times?"

Overheard in the train.

Traveller (sitting down, who has accommodated an extra one with a seat on his knee). I hope you are comfortable.
The Extra One. Oh, yes, thank you, I'm all right.
The Inevitable Joker. Humph! that's strange. I should have thought you would have felt on-knees-y.
[And yet the train did not break down.]

"HALLO, Brown!" ejaculated Sharpshins, "what are you waiting about here for?" "I'm lying in wait for the baker," responded Brown. "Oh! that's all right, then, for you are sure to find him lying in weight for you."

"THE thoughtfulness of my dear child," said Mrs. Goodenough, "is something really lovely. She's actually started a society for collecting old stay-laces—when obtained they are given over to decayed gentlewomen, who make them into net curtains, so that poor but virtuous girls can do their back hair up before their bedroom windows without their modesty being shocked by any man creature looking in from the other side of the way."

LITTLE eyes,
Mince pies,
Jolly cries,
Dozen tries.
Happy night,
What delight,
Waistcoat tight,
Pleasant toil,
Then, to-morrow,
Castor oil.

"How much do you love me?" he asked her. "As much as that—as that—as that," answered she. She had kissed him. There was no doubt about that. The hissing sound of osculation was so great that her dear ma actually threw open the drawing room window, and yelled out, "Murder! Help! Fetch the plumber! The kitchen boiler's burst and we shall all be drowned!"

Officer of Criminal Investigation Department. What do you use for stopping teeth?

Dentist. Gold.
O. C. I. D. Strange. That's what is used for stopping mouths with. Useful stuff, ain't it?

THEY were talking about their mothers-in-law, and we need scarcely say that there was not very much heard in their favour. At length one man observed, "My mother-in-law is worse than yours; she's a cannibal." "How's that?" asked his friend. "Why, she lives upon me, the old cat!" was the explanation.

"WASN'T that Grace Harding?" inquired Ethel. "Yes," said Maud; "but she never noticed us. She's so wrapped up in that Charlie Dudeson." "Humph! what a nice soft wrap it must be!"

Princess Mary of Teck. My dear, how did you receive the Prince's proposal?
Princess May. Mamma, with the greatest Edification.

"AND to what do you attribute your insolvency?" asked the Registrar. "To putting pennies in automatic machines that wouldn't work," said the bankrupt.

[Passed with honours, and obtained his certificate dated six months in advance.]

PENSIVELY the young man stands,
And smiles upon the giddy crowd;
He nervous clasps his trembling hands,
His head with sorrow's lowly bowed.
What sorrow dims those flashing eyes,
What men's-ries tear that aching heart;
So speculation must arise—
I'll ask the question, e'er we part.

Oh! constable, come tell to me,
Our griefs, indeed, must be much fewer;
Then answered W. 73,
"He's been and gone and copped the brewer."

"HA, dear boy!" said De Masher, exultantly, "congratulate me! She has accepted me! The sweetest tart in the frownt wot at the 'Fwiv.' Don't you wish you were in my shoes?" "No; I'll be hanged if I do!" returned his friend, looking at them. "They'd give me corns and bunions in about a week."

THE mistakes that have occurred during the late fogs have been something too awful to contemplate. First of all, the missus kissed the constable through the area railings, because she mistook him for the tortoiseshell tabby. Then the constable rapped her over the boko with his staff, because he took her new black bonnet for a burglar's mask. Then the master brought out the bull pup, and the horrid creature made a lunch off the postman's trousers and devoured half a dozen letters that were in his hand, all of 'em containing money orders, to be sent to the Charitable Home for Teaching the Orphan Daughters of the Clergy how to Play at Bears on an Asphalt Skating Rink, etc., etc. It was really dreadful!

TOOTSIE AT THE EMPIRE.



Signorina Malvina Cavallazzi.

at the Gaiety, where Crocker has been exhibiting the most wonderful trained horses in all the world.

But I came back last night, and, after dining upstairs at Gatti's Adelaide Gallery Restaurant, where you can get as nice a little meal as can be got at anywhere I know of, I betook me (for a change, you may say) to the Empire Music Hall to see the new ballet, *Nisita*, in which Euma Palladino distinguishes herself more than ever, while Malvina Cavallazzi, Bettina de Sortis and R. Johnstone are delightfully clever, and De Vincenti astonishingly nimble. With so clever a ballet concoctor as Katti Lanner, so clever a scene painter as Telbin, such music as Leopold Wenzel's, and so liberal a directorate, no wonder the Empire ballets are so enormously successful, and most decidedly *Nisita* knocks them hard down Leicester Square way.

What is the story, do you say? Well, the stories of ballets would, as a rule, be rather difficult to follow, were it not that there is much of a muchness about most of them; and, if you want to know quite all about them, turn to the synopsis.

Among the mountains of Albania dwelleth an Albanian male man by the name of Delvinos, who loveth muchly an Albanian maiden called Lita, and they are betrothed. But, somehow, there comes a time (it does, you know) when Albanian male man's mind wanders a bit to other matters. Generally the other matter is another girl, but not so at the Empire, where the strictest morality prevails. It is a curious legend which he happens to come across, informing him of the existence of an island where there is a treasure jealously guarded by the longest stockinged loveliness imaginable.

If any mortal male or common or garden county councilman can resist the blandishments of this bevy of beauties, the treasure is his. Delvinos feels that he is, as it were, fireproof; and, indeed, proves so. The sugared smile is wasted on that good young man. The flirty skirt and society high kick availeth not. The wine cup which, by-the-way, is possibly empty he rejects, and from the Nisita nicy-nices he averts the eye.

He is indeed a thoroughly good young man, who might come off the stage and wander round among the Johnnies and improve them amazingly. At the end of his trials and temptations Lita appeareth in a car and bestows upon his brow the chaste salute. Then are precious gems, littering about, collected, and a few quarter-hundredweight nuggets thrown into a sack, and Delvinos and Lita depart to their suburban home.

It was a pleasant sight to see virtue thus rewarded, even if at any place as far off as Fairyland. I am sorry that wretch Bob was not present, or the doddering Dook, or that overgrown grammarian, Billy.

They still have "Fun on the Sands" at the Empire, in the old and most diverting ballet called "By the Sea," which you will doubtless remember I have told you all about before. Among the "variety artistes" are numbered the Boissets, Lucy Clarke, the clever Russian singers and dancers, and Crowe's choir of children with a new vocal waltz.

Go; it's a good show, and there is nothing to beat the Empire for comfort and style, and Hitchens, who, by-the-by, is an F.O.S., does the agreeable delightfully.

LIFE'S AUTUMN.

Between Mary, at 70 (and feels it) and Robin, at 72 (and don't).

"ROBIN," she said, "each day's more drear, Forgotten quite the flowers of spring; And earlier now, it seems each year, Our glad song birds take wing!"

"Oh! rot," said Robin, "take a carrot— Or this 'arf quid, and buy a parrot!"

"Ah, me!" she sighed, "the glow subsides, And less the chilly heart aspires; With hedge wood, cut in past spring tides, We feed our sullen fires."

"Oh! rot," said Robin, with much loathing, "Take on some Jaeger's underclothing!"

"How by the rushlight's starving beam We cower," she said, "and strain our sight, To stitch youth's shroud up, seam by seam, Thro' the December night!"

"Well, light one more," cried he, "y' duffers— 'Ere—I'm off to the 'Bull and Snuffers'!"

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

By A. SLOPER, Esq., F.O.M.
(Being further annotated, enlarged, and generally knocked about.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.

JAMES II. 1685 TO 1688.

JAMES II. was one of those kings that are excellent creatures, only you've "got to know 'em fast."

He was the brother of Charles II. only he was not at all like the Merry Monarch. He was very much the reverse, like the Britannia on the pennies isn't at all like the front with her Majesty.

He was of a very religious turn of mind, and was very fond of confessing to the priests. He had a good deal to confess when a young man. He used to go on the fish with Scaley Etherege-Sloper, and then the next morning would say, as he looked at the knockers he had twisted off, the bismuth powder on his coat sleeve and the champagne corks in the tail of his dress coat:

"I am a man of sin." Then, when he had confessed, he thought he had cleared off the whole bally score, and could start again afresh without worrying anybody in particular. There are a good many coves about like James II., particularly those who are in the husband line of business.

However, in the end, James got particularly serious, just like a good many of those who have had a high old time and got tired. His liver was something frightful. Any day you could have sold it as a curiosity for a petrified sponge. So he, from feeling very uncomfortable indeed, became a holy man. He left off taking Brut Imperial, and went in for fascinating people.

When he got tired of "pawns" he went in for persecuting the "bishops." From the leaving shop to the too much goody goody isn't quite so far off as some of you might imagine.

However, he had a son-in-law, William, Prince of Orange. William was a great prince, and a general who got licked and always made the best of it afterwards. There ain't many of his kind nowadays about. Oh! dear, no, and to spare.

He said, "My pa-in-law is too much of a good thing and a drink or two over. He's persecuting the poor English. He's upsetting the Protestant religion. I'll invade England and put things straight."

William of Orange invaded England. He landed at Torbay. Whom he landed, history doesn't say. He was a Dutchman and hanged a few Englishmen. Treated them to Dutch drops. History doesn't say whether those drops were short or long.

James II. went into exile and died. He had much better have gone into the pawnbroking business. It's more profitable.

"AT THE FOOT OF THE RAINBOW."

LONG ago we play'd, dear,
By the riverside,
When the world was young, dear,
In the sweet springtide.
And we watch'd the rainbow
Many an April day,
Like a path of gold, dear,
Leading far away.

Long we sought it then, dear,
Many a weary hour;
Hand in hand we trod, dear,
Leaving field and flower.
Long we sought, yet vainly,
For the treasures rare,
At the rainbow's foot, dear,
Lying ever fair.

Did we find the treasure,
Little love of old,
When we sought the rainbow
With its path of gold?
When we wander'd on, dear,
In the far springtide,
You and I, my darling,
Always side by side?

Not the rainbow's wealth, dear,
Not the golden way,
Do we long for now, dear,
Do we seek to-day,
For we found true love, dear,
In our hearts to rest,
Fairer than the rainbow,
Sweetest, dear, and best.

THE TRIUMPH OF ELOQUENCE.

"THEN, I am to construe your remarks into a refusal?" he said, releasing her hand, and shifting the weight of his body on to the other foot.

Euphemia lifted her pretty head and looked at him steadily.

"It is possible," she said, in cold, calculating, Cambridge Street tones, "you would 'drop' if a house fell on you, but I doubt it. Know then, that since you will have it, that under no circumstances can I accept your proffered love: you must surely be aware that I am the only daughter of a Patent Pill-er, and Patent Pill-ers' daughters come high, *very*" (this with a haughty expression that lower-case type can barely convey).

George W. Shufflequeer saw at once that this proud beauty had beenah toying with his love, but he bore it abracadabra.

"Lis-ten!" he hissed, as he pulled down his celluloid shirtcuffs with dignity, "you have spurred beneath the iron heel of your cold grey eyes the tender violet of my budding alove. You have thrown for ever, over a bright and happy life, the deep-dyed pall of a wiped-out hope, an ambition flawed in the firing. Into the depths of despair I am flung. I have seen the roses of my love wither and waste away until they shrivelled and blighted by the dusty roadside of Life, and you can bet your sweet life I've copped the spur over it. My beauteous Ship of Hope, with its tall, shapely masts, you have wrecked upon the rock of refusal: now those masts are jagged, jiggered and bust, and to them cling the dark seaweeds of scorn, while the sails that rivalled the clouds in fleecy purity flap dismally in the moaning wind—flap! No voice sounds their requiem, no soul sings the dirge of my dead and buried love. It's a nice sort of wreck to contemplate."

For a moment she looked at him: her eyes filled with tears.

"George," she said, "let me rest upon your knee: take me back to your wounded heart. Pa's wanted someone to do such a picture as that of a human wreck for his 'ads.' of his Get There pill. If I refused you, and let you slip, he'd wring my bally neck!"

AN AVERTED MÉSALLIANCE.

"YOU must give up my son,"
"But, madam, he loves me."
"Preposterous rubbish! Even supposing that he has allowed himself to—"

er—take a fancy to you, the fact remains that he is a nobleman, and you are a mere shop girl.

Lord Casterbridge will go abroad," the Countess continues, "and, long before his Continental tour is ended, he will have forgotten this absurd infatuation—will have remembered his position and his duties. He is not quite twenty-one, so, of course, you have no legal claim upon him, but, as I cannot have any publicity in this matter, I will arrange with my solicitors to see you and consider any reasonable offer you may make to settle the affair."

Then the passion that had been burning in the girl's heart breaks out in a flame.

"You dare to offer me a bribe to give up your son! Beware! I have borne much from you, because you are his mother, because you have some ground for complaint, but listen. Do not speak to me of bribes, or I may be tempted to defy you, and with one little word win, not only his heart, but his coronet and name."

Three years had passed. Lord Casterbridge's infatuation for the little shopgirl, Polly Fawn, had never been known, and the public were beginning to forget other circumstances which had brought that young man, the pet of the Johnnies, the best of the "boys" and the chirpiest of chappies, into such unenviable notoriety. In three years he had contrived to dissipate one of the finest patri-

monies in England, and to alienate the broad lands which had been in the possession of his house for centuries. The money lenders and the harpies, male and female, who prey upon the golden youth, had reduced him, financially, morally, mentally and physically, to an abject wreck and then had abandoned him.

Polly Fawn, one night returning home from the sweating den wherein she toiled, paused, attracted by a groan from the shadow of a doorway.

"What is the matter?" she asked, addressing a huddled up heap of shabby gentility, that crouched, cold and shivering, and soaked by the pitiless rain. "Are you ill?"

"I am almost dying," the man gasped—"dying of cold and hunger. For God's sake get some one to take me somewhere out of this merciless cold—if even to the workhouse!"

She lifts the brim of the soaked and pulpy hat. The gaslight falls on the features, and she cries, "Casterbridge!"

When he comes to, he finds himself in Polly's lodgings. He has been ill with typhus fever. They had given him up for dead. Polly had nursed him day and night, and now his mother, to whom she had written, has arrived and stands at the bedside of her prodigal son.

His mother! But as he opens his dark, cavernous eyes, his first words are, "Where is Polly?" Then he is told that she has caught his fever and lies prostrate in the adjoining room.

"If I could but have foreseen!" his mother moans. "How better for us all if I had taken that dear girl to my heart as a daughter!"

"Mother," he asks, feebly, "is it too late now?"

Pressing his hand, she rises mutely, and leaving one chamber of sickness, seeks the other.

It is too late! The other is now the chamber of death.

There is a woman clothed in black, with silver hair, who comes at times to Polly's grave, bringing sweet flowers—and bitter memories. The refrain of her heart is a sad one—doubly a sad one—because so familiar to us all. It is—"If I had only known."



Polly's grave.



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.
Impudence. Take off that false red nose of yours, and I will sup with you.
[Exit Dignity.]



"I say, gov'nor, it won't bear me—just come and help us off."



A FORECAST.
"We are to have omnibuses devoted to smokers."—Daily Paper.
"Thanks, awfully!"



"I am going to be married again next week, and, considering that the late lamented only died three months ago, I am a little unsettled in my mind as to whether I ought to appear at the altar in my widow's weeds. What do you think?"
—Extract from Letter of Young Lady.

. Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 216.—MISS DOROTHY FAIRLEY.

"I worship dainty Dorothy." —The Duck Snook.
"My love, my fortune, cannot win her smiles." —Lord Bob.
"No maid I know is half so sweet as she." —The Hon. Billy.

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.



(1). "Charley is my darling, my darling, my darling, Charley is my darling, ri-tooral-looral-lay!" or words to that effect, is a very pretty sentiment taken in moderation; but when it is sung all over the house by that young Evelina from morning till night as she gets on with her work as lady help at Mildew Court, it becomes a bit sickening. The poor child had been taken thus ever since she heard that Lord Charles Beresford had intimated to the Eminent that, taking advantage of his being once more on dry land, he would call at the Court for the purpose of being interviewed; and as the Family had been at much pains to give the gallant sailor a proper reception, they, fearing that Evelina might burst out at any moment and spoil the whole thing, packed her back to Aunt Geeser for the day. (2). Yes, the boys had been rigged out as Marines to man the yard—back yard—a guard of

honour, and Tootsie, à la Black-Ey'd Susan, was to welcome his lordship back to Old England in touching terms. (3). When, on Lord Charles Beresford's arrival, Tootsie flung herself into his arms, and began, "Oh, William—I mean, Charles—how have I watched, prayed for your return!" his lordship was somewhat taken aback; but Tootsie really looked awfully fetching, so he at once grasped the situation, and clasped her to his manly chest. (4). A. SLOPER was great as Father Neptune, the trident being kindly lent for the occasion by a friend, a livery stableman. Then cans of grog went round, and A. SLOPER roared out sea songs till his vocal cord got in a tangle. (5). And Mrs. S. did a hornpipe in character. Lord Charles declared on leaving he never enjoyed himself so much in his life. As for the interview, nobody ever, for a moment, gave it a thought, at which oversight A. SLOPER is much vexed.

THE USUAL NEW YEAR'S ATTACK ON THE MEENISTER.



(1). "Laird, Laird," shrieked the Meenister, "mare murder, mare bluidahed, ye wicked auld heathin."

(2). "Gang hame, ye yelpin' partisan, and no interfere wi' honest men," roared the Laird.

(3). And continued, "Hev sum little mercy, ye preaching cormorant, jobbin' yins blinkers oot like that!"



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Again, again, again! Tantivy, tantivy, tantivy! (The foregoing is supposed to represent the triumphant blowing of a trumpet.) Wake up, all ye that slumber. Gather round, all ye wakeful ones, and witness what may be modestly termed my masterpiece:—Arrested was poor Sally Brown For mat-ing round gay London town:—The sprightly Goschen, all forlorn, The loss of his pound notes will mourn:—Poor Christian, while in search of game, Received a shot.

Well, who's to blame?—'Tis left for one and all to take Their fill of Baddeley's large cake:—Bluff King Hal, Will Shakespeare's play, Will storm the town, so critics say:—Homeward bound, brave Randy tries His inmost feelings to disguise:—The convicts strike with might and main, And try their freedom to regain:—Owing to the absence of A. SLOPER, the Twelfth Night festivities at Old Drury were not so successful as usual. But more anon.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

A COOL REQUEST.



Jinks. You seems dejected, Bill. Pantomime Head. And so would you if yer had to fix up a mouth with not even power enough to mop up a 'alf of four-'alf.



'Arry. 'Ave yer got a match, guv'nor?
Swell (haughtily). No, fellow, I have not.
'Arry. Oh, yer ain't? Well, perhaps yer'll gi' us a stiver to buy some, that is, perviding yer have visited yer uncle lately.



IN HOT WATER AGAIN.



DOLOROUS
"Oh, do take me to see the beautiful Gondolas, pa! I do so dote upon Venice!" "Gone dollars! Are there not gone dollars enough without going to Olympia to remind us of their departure?"



THE ARGUMENT.
"My dear Maria, you'd better give in. You haven't a leg to stand on."

ALLY-CAMPANE.

THE Christmas Season of 1891 will long be remembered by the present generation for the dense fog which enveloped the Metro-



shut doors, and roaring fires. As for A. SLOPER, the nightly effect produced on his voice and nether limbs by this unwelcome visitant was astonishing. Under ordinary circumstances intoxication is the only word applicable to his condition, but under adverse circumstances everyone should be given the benefit of the doubt.

WE hasten to say how deeply we regret that the sketch of Alfred Cellier appeared in last week's "F.O.S. Portrait Gallery." Coming, as it did, a few days after his sudden and lamented death, the first impression in the minds of our readers would be that it was in very bad taste. But when we say that the greater part of the edition was printed before poor Cellier died, we feel sure the explanation will be accepted. Our sincere hope is, that the "playful remarks" made in the "Biography" may not have given pain to his friends.

IF the World's Fair which is to be held in 1893 at Chicago, proves half as attractive as the one being now held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, the Yankees will have reason to boast of the magnificence of their exhibition.

THE Time Worn Trembler, accompanied by the entire family, weighed in at the Britannia Theatre, Hoxton, in order to witness the premiere of the Grand Christmas Pantomime, *Old Rogie of the Seas*; or, *The Enchanted Well*. A whole host of talent and loveliness has been engaged by the management, and the production went without a hitch and proved a huge success. The transformation scene, *A Floral Dream of Fairyland*, is undoubtedly Mr. William Charles' chef d'œuvre, whilst the harlequinade, by Little Levites company, was a real, downright, old-fashioned piece of fooling, and made the Eminent shed tears and think of the time when he was a pure and simple child.

WE feel sure our readers will be glad to know that out of the £125 11s. 9d. at present received in aid of "Sloper's Christmas Appeal," one hundred pounds have been distributed, and eight hundred poor creatures made happier by the gift of half a crown—not a large sum, certainly, but one which is capable of alleviating a good deal of individual wretchedness and making the world look a bit brighter to many an unfortunate sufferer. A. SLOPER now appeals to you all to assist him in collecting another "century" as quickly as possible; and in doing so, desires you to bear in mind that the very smallest subscription will be thankfully received and acknowledged, and that as the expenses of distribution are borne entirely by himself, every farthing received is devoted to the purpose for which it is intended.

THE Mildewed Litterateur has this day been pleased to confer his "Award of Merit" upon RICHARD BUTLER, because he conducts the Referee so ably. "Feyther," remarked the Blue Orbed Cherub, as he playfully attracted his sire's attention with a spoonful of scalding coffee, "it strikes me that an average Englishman's Sunday morning breakfast table would look singularly incomplete without the Ref." And the Agèd experienced a thrill of pleasure at the thought that his cerulean eyed offspring had inherited some of his own wisdom.

UNFORTUNATE indeed was the idea which prompted the management of the New Olympic to produce *Oliver Twist*, a play which, however successful it may have been years ago, when the influence of Dickens' great work was still strong upon the public mind, is in no way suited to the tastes of the playgoing public in the present year of grace; and, badly staged and worse acted as it is, that it should have been offered to them at all amounts almost to an insult. The production possesses one redeeming feature, and that is, the performance of Mr. J. A. Welch as the Artful Dodger, a splendid piece of acting, which renders the otherwise dreary performance just endurable.



only one—the performance of Mr. J. A. Welch as the Artful Dodger, a splendid piece of acting, which renders the otherwise dreary performance just endurable.

THAT Venice in London, at the Olympia, will become wonderfully popular with the fair sex is a most certain. The soft har-

mony of the surroundings, the beautiful blending of colour, and the soft splash of the oars as the gondolas glide through the water, somehow or another seems especially adapted to the natures of the weaker sex. Of course, the crowds visiting Olympia daily comprise members of both sexes, but the applause bestowed on the magnificent spectacle by the male spectator lacks that sincerity which characterizes that of loveliness. The show itself, although slow at times, as a spectacle, is wonderfully good, and does credit to the ingenuity of Inre Kiralfy, but we doubt much whether it will ever be a great financial success.

WE are all perfectly aware that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander; but it is rarely that we come across a compound which is not only sauce for the toothsome, if somewhat bilious, birds named above, but may also be eaten with equal advantage with fish, game, chops, steaks, gravies, soups, and we won't be certain about sweets and dessert. Such a sauce exists, however; it is called, Ally Sloper's Favourite Relish, and is manufactured by Messrs. Berteusshaw and Turner, Beswick, Manchester.

THE statement that Lord Clancarty has asked the Eminent to stand godfather to his offspring is as false as the rumour that Mrs. Sloper has written a long congratulatory letter to her ladyship, enclosing a copy of a little pamphlet, written by herself, entitled, "The Management of Twins: Their Diet, Education and Moral Training."

THE week preceding Christmas Day, during which Jack Frost held the country ice bound in his grip, was marked by a singular

absence of those ice accidents usually so prevalent during the continuance of anything approaching a lengthened frost. It is but just to attribute this improved state of things to the extraordinary precautions taken at nearly all the large sheets of water by the officers of the Royal Humane Society, who were always at hand with ladders and ropes in case of an accident. Of course, in private and obscure waters, this excellent body is not represented, and when an accident does unfortunately occur, as will occasionally happen, it almost invariably proves fatal.

A PROPOS of skating, what a vast amount of amusement can be derived by simply watching the gyrations of the crowd busy disporting themselves upon what writers love to term "the glassy surface," but what is only too frequently a wet, slushy, rough conglomeration of mud, ice and snow. There is the practised skater, who scorns the vulgar herd, and usually confines himself to a small but prominent space, where he cuts eights and threes and performs other wonders for the edification of the crowd and to the entire satisfaction of himself. Then there is the small boy, whose chief aim seems to be to dart from one end of the pond to the other, upsetting as many people during his journey as possible. The girl novice, too, is a distinctly amusing personage, and the timid shrieks with which she varies an almost incessant giggle, constitutes her leading characteristic. The way she clings to her unfortunate tutor is decidedly unpleasant, unless she happens to be pretty, when it is delightful, if somewhat embarrassing.

CYCLING among the fairer sex is growing in favour weekly. At one period it was the exception rather than the rule to see in our

public highways, or on the cinder track, bicycles ridden by representatives of loveliness; but now the order of things has changed with a vengeance, and women are rapidly associating themselves with one of, if not the favourite, pastimes of man. Of course, there are many who condemn the practice as unwomanly, and use it as a sort of platform on which to dilate upon the degeneracy of the English race. All this is nonsense. Every woman has a perfect right, within decent limits, to enter into the pleasures of the sterner sex, notwithstanding puritanical utterances to the contrary, and in her efforts to obtain that which is just and right she has the full support of A. SLOPER.

NOT to be behindhand in energy and perseverance, the managements of both the Tivoli and London Pavilion Music Halls have, for the Christmas Holidays, provided the public with programmes unparalleled in the history of either house. All the best available talent have been engaged, with a result satisfactory to all concerned. Albert Chevalier, G. H. Macdormot, The Two Maes and Charles Godfrey are engaged at both halls, and with new songs and fresh business fail not to delight their numerous patrons.



A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 16th, 1892.

10th January, 1777.—It was said of Barry, the actor, who died this day, that the music of his voice might lure a bird from a tree. A master carpenter called at Barry's house, and was clamorous for his dues. Barry was ill at the time, but came to the head of the stairs and inquired what was the matter. "Matter enough," said the carpenter. "I want my money and must have it." "Don't be in a passion," said Barry. "Do me the favour to walk upstairs, and if you please, we will speak upon the business." "Not I, by heaven, Mr. Barry! You owe me one hundred pounds already, and if I come up, you will owe me two before you'd let me go. No, no! I don't stand any more of your rhetoric, Mr. Barry—that won't do!"

11th January, 1878.—Miss Mary Burfield died at Colchester this day, aged 101.

12th January, 1863.—Several bars of gold, connected by links, supposed to be ornaments worn by Celtic kings, were found this day at Mantfield, in East Sussex, by a labourer. A remarkable gold discovery is said to have been made in Wales in the early part of the present century by supernatural instrumentality. In 1827 a woman, returning home late at night from market, saw a spectral skeleton standing on a burial mound or barrow that had existed from time immemorial near Mold, in Flintshire. The skeleton, she alleged, was clothed in a vestment of gold, which shone like the noonday sun. But little credence was placed in her story until about six years later, when, on the barrow being cleared away for agricultural purposes, it was found to contain, besides urns and burnt bones, a complete skeleton, round the breast of which was a corset of pure gold. This interesting relic of antiquity was subsequently deposited in the British Museum.

13th January, 1858.—Mr. Rarey, the American horse-tamer, exhibited his skill this day before her Majesty at Windsor.

14th January, 1223.—The Feast of the Ass, celebrated with great state this day, degenerated into a public nuisance, and in 1460 the council forbade "caricature habits, false and uncouth singing," and ordered that "on the precenter of the fools not more than three pails of water at most should be thrown, and on the other naked men only one pail each, and that not within the church."

15th January, 1766.—Seven malefactors were this day carried in three carts from Newgate and executed at Tyburn; two of them, watermen, for robbing a boat on the Thames.

16th January, 1780.—The English fleet, under Rodney, this day totally defeated the Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent. The following epigram was written on the occasion of Rodney receiving the freedom of the City of London in a gold box, whilst it was given to Admiral Keppel about the same time in an oaken one, the former being in pecuniary difficulties, whilst the latter was supposed to be scarcely as courageous as he might have been under the enemy's fire:—

"Your wisdom, London's Council, far
Our highest praise exceeds,
In giving to each generous tar
The very thing he needs!
For Rodney, brave, but low in cash,
Your golden gifts bespoke;
To Keppel, rich, but not so rash,
You gave a heart of oak."

"A LITTLE SHEPHERDESS."

SHE had a little flock of sheep,
And she held a shepherd's crook,
But she left them all in the meadows green
While she linger'd by the brook.
She dream'd of the wondrous fairy prince,
With his robe of golden sheen,
Who would seek her side in the sweet springtide
And would bid her be his queen.
She had a little flock of sheep,
And she held a shepherd's crook,
But the little sheep all ran away
While she linger'd by the brook;
And she wept and wrung her pretty hands,
And cried, "What shall I do?"
With ne'er a thought of the fairy prince
Or the words with which he'd woo.
But a little shepherd boy came by
And he brought the sheep all sound,
And she smiled and thanked him thro' her tears,
For she knew her love was found.
And he kissed her once and he kissed her twice,
Till he kissed her tears away—
And I fear that if the Prince came now,
That his answer would be Nay!

AN ANTI-LAWSONIAN.

"AY, well, people can say what they like about booze a-killin' of yer," remarked the gentleman with the hectic flush and paper collar, "but I don't b'lieve in it. It may cert'nly rub out a lot of boys—bitter beer punishers, I calls 'em—as never gits through the apprenticeship to it, but when a man gits to my time o' life, he can lower anythink, from rum and catlap to green petroleum."

"Ear, ear!" approved a philosopher, setting down his pewter; "wot he says I endorse. I oughter know somethink about it, seein' as I owe my life to half-an-half."

"So you do, Slunger; so you do," "May I ask how, sir?" inquired an interested stranger.

"Cert'nly, sir; an' I'm werry proud to tell yer. One mornin', some years ago, I woke up jist as the church clock struck three with a mouth on me like a powdered blottin' pad. Up I gits—couldn't take on the water-jug—an' goes out to try an' find a early pub. 'Ad to walk all the way to Covint Garding, cert'nly, but I found one. While I was out the bloomin' house caught afire and burnt up my old woman. Wot a bit o' luck! she was in the Proodential for twenty-five quid, and—Blooimy! he's 'ooked it, an' never asked us what we'll 'ave!'"

HIS HUNDREDS.

WITH doors fast shut to exclude the fog, and windows hermetically sealed, the old man sat by the bright burning fire and pondered over the events of the year. He could almost see his profit and loss account writ in the live coals that took such weird shapes.

Sitting at the table, reading his "Kinglake" by the light of a magnificent moderator lamp, was the old man's only child, a bright boy of nine or thereabouts. And ever and anon, as he turned another leaf and yet another, he would glance up from the volume and gaze admiringly, affectionately, at his worthy parent. It was a beautiful sight—this honoured reverence of the son for the sire—written up as a leaflet for the S.F.P.C.K. it might have done barrels and barrels of good. By-and-by the boy spoke:

"Father, dear," he said, "I was walking down by the barracks to-day, and I chanced to speak with some of the old soldiers."

"Indeed, my son, and did they talk to you of valour, of bravery, of—?"

"Yes, father. They said you were one of the bravest men ever known. I asked them to tell me how, for I had never heard dear mamma mention any military achievements of yours, and they told me that during the all too terrible Crimea you killed your hundreds."

"I, Freddie?" returned the old, old man, "why, I never struck a blow in my life! All I had to do with the Crimea was to supply the army with tinned provisions."

"Yes, that's what they said, pa," returned the ultramarine orb'd boy, innocently; and the next minute he was clearing the hall at a record pace, and "Kinglake" was flying through the air after him.



MUSH-ROOM IN A LITTLE SPACE.

[A Dr. Cooke states, in his booklet on "Mushrooms," that, in the interests of his patients, he ate sixty-five varieties of British Fungi. He still lives!]



SOME writers love to rave Of heroes who are brave, But I fancy I'm the one to take the biscuit; For I (with strength empow'rd) Many mushrooms have devoured— 'Twas dang'rous, but I vowed that I would risk it. Sixty-five sorts did I eat, Which I fancy is a feat. So you'll murmur, "What a hero we've among us! Here's a good and kind M.D., Who for breakfast, dinner, tea And supper ate each kind of British Fungus!"

Yes, and marvellous to tell, I'm still going strong and well; In spite of all that diet so erratic, My liver's right as rain, And I've not a single pain— Not e'en what you might style as (mush)-room-atic! So from me (I'm Doctor Cooke) Come and buy my little book. Re Fungi, 'twill remove all doubtings gloomy. When you've read it, you, I guess, Will all have good cause to bless This M.D. whose little "tummy's" so (mush)-roomy!

A LAST FAVOUR.

SHE had refused him. Maudina Miranda, the fairest, loveliest flower that had ever bloomed in all Pimlico, had deliberately, cold bloodedly refused him—nay, yet more, had declined to be even a sister to him, and had told him, without the slightest trace of emotion, that she "never wished to look upon his mug again." It was awful. The strong man, who scarcely ten minutes ago by the little four-and-sixpenny alarm timepiece which adorned the mantel-board, had entered the room full of booze and confidence, now stood quivering beneath the awful blow like a giant oak after a hurricane. He was young, handsome, and possessed of more than an average share of this world's goods, and yet this proud daughter of an impecunious penny-a-liner had rejected him—had told him that none but the arm of a man of letters should ever encircle her eighteen inch waist, no hand but that appertaining to him capable of "leaders" and "descriptives" should ever rest tenderly in hers or stray lovingly through the auburn curls that clustered round the snow-white brow. It was too terrible, and as the wretched victim of misplaced affection rapidly reviewed the hopelessness of his position his white, drawn face hardened strangely and a look of determination awful in its intensity settled upon his features. "Maudina," he said, hoarsely, "you have destroyed the hope that fed my life; you have blotted out every ray of sunshine from my existence; and you have killed me! Yes, killed me, I say! for before the glorious sun has set I shall have gone to my last account! Do not attempt to dissuade me, Maudina," he added, his voice breaking pitifully. "And when, in after years, blessed with a husband who worships you, with children, perchance, who adore you, spare, I entreat you, one kindly thought for the miserable being who now goes to his grave!" He bowed gravely to her and turned to go, but the sound of her voice recalled him. He turned eagerly. She had relented. Perhaps his eloquence had conquered. She would, at least, give him some hope. "Augustus," she said, eagerly, "I have a favour to ask. In the hour of your death you will not refuse me. Do you—would you mind—er—killing yourself here? Only think what a 'Romantic Suicide' par it would make. Why, it would furnish father with copy for a week, and I'll lay even money he'd stand me a new mantle on the strength of it!" And suicide immediately receded to 1,000—6.



GIRLS OF THE "FRIV."

No. 28.—GWENDOLINE AYRDALE.



IF from "Sloper's Select" You amusement expect— If a feed you'd lay in Of our "Jumbles and Gin."— If much wisdom you'd gain From our "Ally-Campagne"— If you'd gladly proceed Our "Vagary" to read— If you wish to find out What McNab is about— If you anxiously yearn To discern and to learn What, on Thomas' page, Doth the Moth Eaten Sage— What celebrity he's Had the check to displease By an interview fond— Or how kind hearts respond With a praiseworthy zeal To his "Christmas Appeal"— If, in short, you'd enjoy This vile rag, my dear boy, Through the whole bag o' tricks You'd best run, ere you fix The least glance of your eye On the picture close by! For, by Jove! if your gaze To that fairest of fays Be directed, I swear 'Twill be rivetted there By some Siren's power For ten-tenths of an hour.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

173 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C., December 16th, 1891.
MY DEAR ALLY,—Permit me to return you many thanks for your very interesting present. I shall have it placed in my private smoking room, to be admired by all my friends, for I am very pleased to think that I deserve SLOPER'S "Order of Merit." If "The Order of the Garter," "The Star of India," or "The Cross of the Legion of Honour" had been offered me, I should have, in a stern voice, said, take them all away and give me, in preference, SLOPER'S "Award of Merit."
I am, very faithfully yours, EDWIN J. BRETT.

COMEDY THEATRE, December 21st, 1891.
DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in sending you the inclosed guinea for the Poor and Destitute of London.
I am, faithfully yours, CHARLES H. HAWTREY.

ADELPHI THEATRE, December 21st, 1891.
DEAR MR. SLOPER,—I beg to forward you 10s. 6d. towards your Fund for the Poor. With every good wish, I remain, yours faithfully, CLARA JECKS.

SLOPER'S VAGARIES.

No. 95.—HE EARNS £3 15s. 8d.
To the ears of His Nob Came a wheeze that Lord Bob On Theosophy's creeds had gone crazy; And His Nob laughed "Ha, ha!" And exclaimed to mamma, "I will earn a few coppers, my daisy!" Then he said to the peer, "Look you here! I'm a seer At Theosophy, sir! I can take you, In the spirit, away From your body of clay, And a mystic Mahatma can make you." "Tell your grandmother that! Do you think me a flat?" Cried Lord Bob; but the Rantipole Ranter Made his statement so clear, That the thunderstruck peer Said, "Pray prove me your prowess instantler!" "You must swear," murmured A., My commands to obey, And 'twill fill you with wisdom, Lord Bob—you Will with me agree A Mahatma to be, Though of reason *pro tem*, it will rob you." So the erudite seer Round the eyes of the peer But a bandage, and forth with him wended. And young Al (with a sack Of great weight on his back) The two men on their journey attended.

In a post office soon they uplifted the clout From the eyes of Lord Bob, and A. SLOPER sang out, "In this sack there be letters nine hundred and eight, Which my friend is desirous to precipitate, So he'll pay for the stamps, miss, and post 'em for me, Since he's anxious a mystic Mahatma to be!"

A TRUE STORY.

THEY were twin sisters, but they differed in every respect save one, namely, their aspiration after Thespian honours. They were both stage struck, and they got engagements at the "Friv," immediately on leaving school. The odds were a million to one on Adeline. She had a lovely voice, and perfect command of it, she could dance anything from a waltz to a hornpipe; and she had enough *chic* and go for half a dozen companies. Madeline, on the contrary, was heavy limbed, slow of comprehension, a slow study, with no voice and less idea how to use it. Years rolled on, and now Adeline is still in the chorus, while Madeline is drawing her one hundred pounds a week, keeping her swaggar brougham, and starring in society. Oh, no! I haven't got mixed up in the names. The way it was worked was like this. Madeline got mixed up in a big divorce case, and up went her market value on the stage miles above par. Moral.—All you good little girls be as good as you can, and better.

ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS APPEAL FOR THE DESTITUTE POOR OF LONDON.

SUBSCRIPTIONS ACKNOWLEDGED LAST WEEK. £107 7s. 4½d.
ALLY SLOPER, Esq. (weekly donation), £1; R. C. J., 1s.; THE "F.S." (Burton and Carlisle), 10s.; C. H. (Cardiff), 6d.; Mrs. MURRAY, 2s. 6d.; G. S. H., 10s.; R. W. CRAMP, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. H. THOMAS, 1s.; WORKING GIRLS' MITE, 6d.; WONTNER & SONS, £2 2s.; H. Y. HOLLAND, 10s.; B. R., 2s.; Mrs. SNEED (Richmond), 2s. 6d.; L. SALOMON, 5s.; ARTHUR CECIL, £1 1s.; CHAS. COBURN, 5s.; C. H. MARSHALL, 10s.; W. S., 1s.; G. HASLETT, £1 1s.; H. NORVAL, 5s.; G. A. FORDHAM, 1s.; H. T. JOHNSON, 5s.; "GOOD INTENTIONS," 2s.; TOM HUNT, 5s.; C. W. KENT, 5s.; C. MOORE, 5s.; "MACACO" (Burry Port), 5s.; F. S., 2s.; J. W., 1s.; A. DUFFY, F.O.S., 2s. 6d.; "JUDY," 1s.; E. SALOMON, 2s. 6d.; "TOOTHIES ADMIRER," 5s.; "FOR THE POOR," 1s.; CLARA JECKS, 10s. 6d.; J. H. A. (F.O.S.), 5s.; NORA FOX, 1s.; FREAKES, 1s.; R. N. PATTON, £1; J. PITS, 1s.; JULIAN STURGIS, £1 1s.; "BINGESTER SCHOOL," 17s. 6d.; CHARLES H. HAWTREY, £1 1s.; F. M., 1s.; "HELPER," 2s. 6d.; "FRIENDS," 1s.; G. A. T. (Hartlepool), 1s.; HELIOS, 2s. 6d.; "CHURCH MOUSE," 6d.; Collected by JAMES A. COSTON, 6s. 8d.; "SMALL COLLECTION OF THREE-PENNY PIECES," 2s. 9d.; "DODDLES," 1s. 6d.; S. M. CONGREVE SCHNEIDER, F.O.S., £1.
Making a total received up to December 29th, 1891—£125 11s. 9½d.

TO A BLATANT REVIVALIST.

You have sesquipedalian flowers of speech, You are blest with a fluent tongue; With an influence potent and weird you reach The hearts of the old and young. As an infant listens with wide-mouthed fear To its grandam's nursery tale, So your hearers list to your words severe, And their hearts, as they hearken, quail. But you're doing, O Preacher, not good, but ill, Unto all who your sermons hear, When you into your fellowmen's souls instil A religion that's born of fear! Cense, cease to dilate, in each ghoulish speech, On the pains that the damned endure; And teach your disciples to yearn to reach What in nature is great and pure. Quit, quit your presagings of direful doom, And show us, in gentlest tone, How, by walking where flowers of virtue bloom, We a heaven upon earth may own. For you'll never uplift fallen nature higher While you wholly, as now, rely On your harrowing creed of the quenchless fire And the worm that can never die!

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

IN what class should students of Latin and Greek be put at schools?—Class-six, of course.
WHEN SLOPER indulges in three of Palmer's stewed 'uns, he's down at (heels in more senses than one.
WHY ought Gussie's pantomime to be called *Tu-Dumpty*?—Because Gussie certainly don't give us the "hump" with it.

SLOPER'S SELECT LIBRARY.

RICHER THAN GOLD. (A TALE OF THE LOSE PACIFIC.)

CHAPTER V.

'Twas a terrible moment. As Frederick Bulstrode realized the dread situation in which he was placed, a feeling of despair settled on his soul. He knew little of seamanship, and what to do in such an emergency was to him a sealed book. The ship tossed wildly at the mercy of wind and waves, now broad-side on, now stern on; and, as sea after sea swept the decks, everything movable, and much that had been considered immovable, was carried overboard. Frederick saw the cook's galley washed overboard with a heavy sigh, for his soul hungered for a square meal, which he now knew he could not cook. The land speedily disappeared from view, and ere night-fall the *Nancy* barque had run hundreds of miles from the port where the crew had landed and were now left. When the morning of the third day broke he hailed with joy the sight of land. True it was a lee shore, and to be driven on to it involved considerable risk of complete disaster, but even that would be something definite. The uncertainty of rescue and the certainty of starvation were with him; he knew nothing of what was before him, but he hoped that all might be well. He had gained in experience during the time he had been the entire crew of the *Nancy* barque, and he decided to steer so as to clear what looked like a long shallow, and ran the ship towards a portion of the beach where the vessel would likely be driven close to the land. Firmly he held the rudder, directing the vessel to the part he had chosen, and as the barque dashed through the foam covered sea, his eyes were dazzled with the speed at which she was evidently running. Presently there was a grinding crash, then a series of sharp cracks as the masts broke off at the deck, and the *Nancy* barque was a total wreck.

The land disappeared from view.



Steered clear of a shallow.

Bulstrode speedily realized the position. In a moment he rushed to where one of the masts was still attached to the vessel. Clambering on to the mast, he cut the ropes which still connected it with the *Nancy*, and a second later he was hurtling towards the shore with the wreckage. As he neared the beach, he saw that the shore was lined with natives, who were gesticulating a wild welcome.

They were a frank crowd, and stood on no ceremony. They did not wait for an introduction, and by signs they speedily made him understand he was welcome. Then they began to feel his arms and his legs and pinched his ribs, and as each did so, their noses gradually tilted up, and the corners of their lips were drawn down.

Bulstrode did not like the appearance of the savages. They were too friendly; they were as enthusiastic over him as a starving tramp over an unexpected breakfast. Their attitude was suggestive less of a desire to give him something to eat than of an intention to average him up as a comestible. The critical way in which they had felt his arms and ribs, and the operations engaged in by those who were building the fire, were ominously suggestive of some culinary experiment, and Bulstrode naturally felt anxious in regard to the basis of the banquet.

There appeared to be some doubt in the minds of the savages on the subject also. As one by one passed him in review, they shook their heads, and at length the group parted as one of the higher chiefs approached. There was an air of dignified reserve about him, greatly augmented by the fact that he wore a white hat and a Gladstone collar as a sort of uniform. He was evidently a great man in the tribe, and his decision was waited with breathless interest by the others. Slowly he passed his hand over Bulstrode's person, and then, with an expressive gesture, he remarked, "Ugh! heap lean. Feed him up."

(To be continued next week.)



A frank crowd.

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 237.—MR. GEORGE EDWARDES, F.O.S.

"It is with no inconsiderable feeling of pleasure that we here, with present to our readers the portrait of a man with whose name we feel assured, the well regulated portion of our readers must be familiar. Born of rich but honest parents, our hero, owing to the resemblance which he bore to the good young man wot died, narrowly escaped being forced into the Church; an accidental meeting upon a racecourse with one of his most zealous supporters averting the dire calamity, and forcing the conclusion upon the minds of his friends that, like the imitation sweetmeats in the confectioner's window, he was not so good as he looked. After this, it was for sometime a moot point whether he should enter Parliament or become a ready money bookie; but our hero decided the knotty question by accepting the position of call boy in a company which happened to be performing in the neighbourhood, from which lowly position he rapidly rose to be walking gent., then first old man, and, finally, manager of the show. He then took to speculating, and organized companies upon his own account, all of which meeting with enormous success, his name became a power in the profession, his services were eagerly sought after, and he is now identified with some of the greatest theatrical successes of his time. Chiefly because he's a successful and popular manager, he was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him February 12th, 1887."—*Debrett Improved.*

COMPLIMENTS IN THE OLD KENT ROAD.
Wishing him a happy New Year in a very gentlemanly style.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

'Slavery. What! going to the cemetery to-day?
'Master. My dear soul! I lost my mother-in-law on the 1st of January three years ago, and I grieve as much to-day as I did then.



The major's horse was shot under him, and he was left behind in the charge.

THE BILL WAS DUE.



Swellkins. Confound the fellow! I'm afraid he'll be saved.
First Fair One. Afraid, Mr. Swellkins? How can you make such a remark?
Swellkins. Well—er—you see, he is—er—my tailor.

A STRANGE TAIL.



(1). The Dogdealer (to his man). "Ere you are, Mick, just take and bite the tail off this ere toy terrier, and take care you don't swallow it, as you did last time." Mick says. "Yes, sorr." (2). "Och! Whurroo! Look at that, now! It's meself hasn't swallowed the tail at all at all; but, begor! the pup's jumped down me thrat!" (3). "Thunder an' turr! the creature's dancing a jig inside av me! Foire! Whisky! Murder!" The Dogdealer. "Great sweepstakes! hark at him barkin! It's hydrophoby, or I'm a Dutchman!" (4). Then the tortured Mick made tracks,

by a sort of blind instinct, to the nearest pub., 'emittin' a series of loud barks, to the consternation of passers-by. (5). And, bursting into the hostelry, drained the first big drink that caught his eye to the dregs. (6). Owing to the excitement of the moment, it all went down the wrong way, causing him to indulge in a fit of coughing which ended in the forcible ejection of the toy terrier. In future, that dealer will have to find someone else to dock the caudal appendages of his animals, or do it himself. Mick has struck, and declines to take on the job again.

DANCING GIRLS.



No. 28.

The girl who only dances with her fiancé.

HIS MEMORY FAILED HIM.



She. So you are engaged at last, Mr. Tushman?
He. Yaas, suppose so; but, the worst of it is, I am so absent minded that I quite forget who the girl is I proposed to.

OVER THE RAILWAY.



"Don't the trains disturb you, Mr. Daubenny?" "Oh, no, not now—quite used to them, you know." (Bang, bang!) "Oh, lor! what's that?" "Oh, only a fog signal."
[But it spoilt the portrait.]